

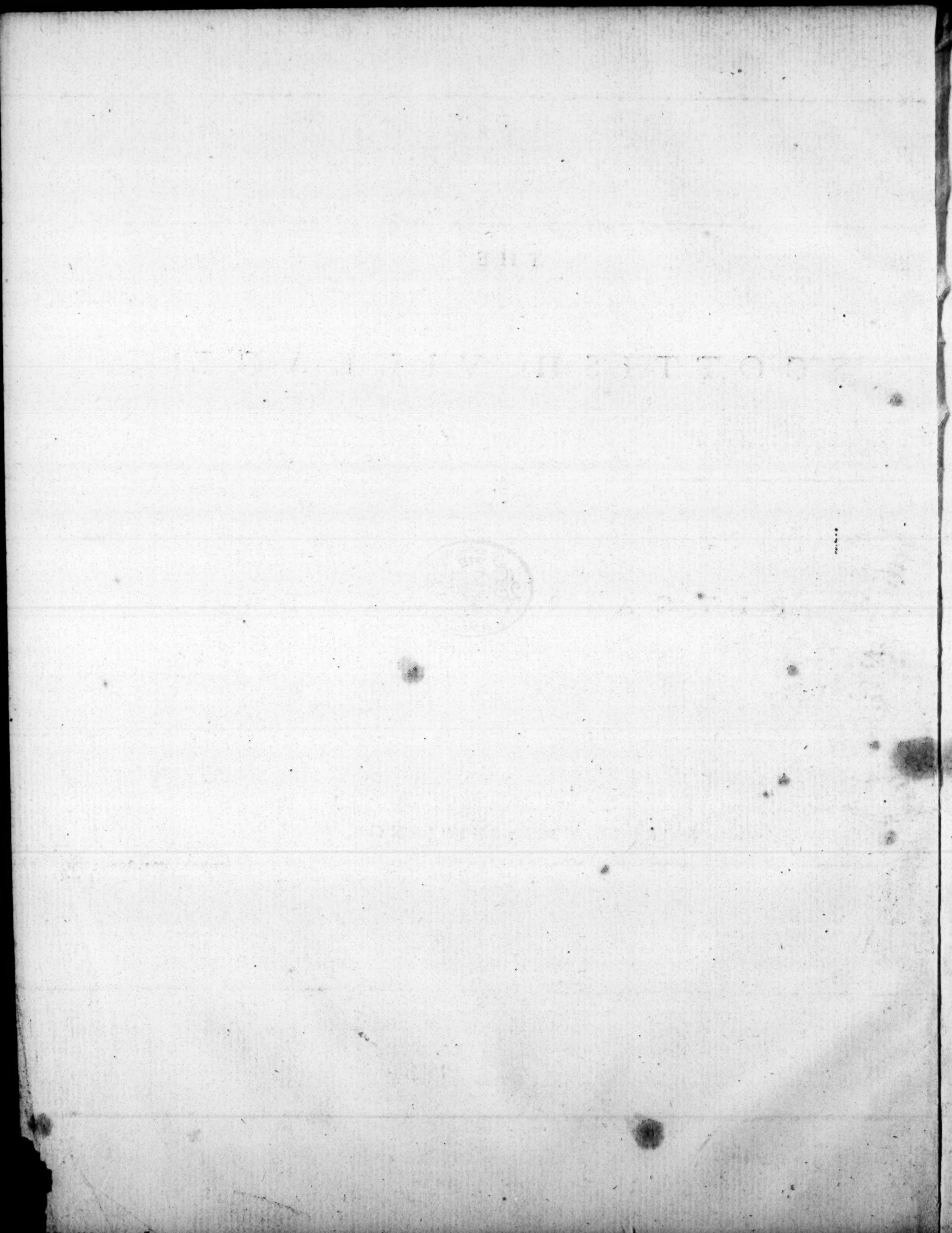
By a Friend

THE
S C O T T I S H V I L L A G E:

OR,

P I T C A I R N E G R E E N.

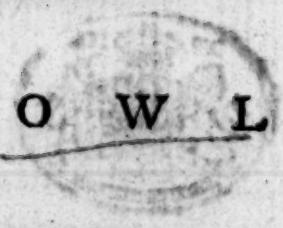
[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]



THE
SCOTTISH VILLAGE:

OR,
PITCAIRNE GREEN.

A
P O E M.

BY MRS. COWLEY. 

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXXVII.



A

P R E F A C E.

READING the paper lately at breakfast, I saw an account of the splendid ceremonies used at Pitcairne Green, in Scotland, on marking the boundaries of an extensive village to be erected on that spot, for the purpose of introducing the Lancashire manufactures. These ceremonies were assisted by all the persons of consequence, of each sex, in that part of the kingdom;—amongst the Ladies were Mrs. Graham, Lady C. Graham, &c. &c. As my eye ran it over, it dropt a tear on the passage. It must have appeared ridiculous enough, for there was certainly nothing very moving in it:—however, I have ventured to give both the tear and the feelings which made it start, to the Genius of the place. I wrote merely to appease my sensations; and having written (according to the old story) my friends

advised me to publish; and they are obeyed. If the public should not find the trifle interesting, they will at least do it the justice to let it slide into oblivion, and forgive (I trust) the few hours the composition cost me.

The little work has not been without its difficulties. My canvas was to hint a Landscape—a Landscape in a country which I had never seen. The accounts presented by travellers might be false, or they might be invidious, yet *they* were to govern me! Notwithstanding I yielded to this, images very dissimilar crowded to my pen; the prospects of Devon—dear native scenes! were for ever before me; and all my recollection was necessary, to prevent the tears of Dryades from falling for the loss of their shades, and the Nightingale from pouring its regrets, that its ancient habitations were invaded.

Had the scite of the intended village been in that province, description would have had room to range;— fancy might have rioted, and the most luxuriant imagination sated itself. There, a poet might have led his readers through verdant lanes (for so in other counties Devon's *turnpikes* would be named) where the high hedges composed of hawthorn, sweet-brier, myrtle,

and

and a thousand flowers, effectually screens the traveller from the most sultry sun,—there, through the breaks, a country presents itself, all enchantment! and where, if the Cottager did not boast views as delightful as the Nabob and the Patrician, the whole province might be mistaken for one vast artificial pleasure-ground. Whilst the ear is filled with all the music, poured from the throats of the goldfinch, the blackbird, and the thrush, the eye incessantly wanders over painted meads, and roves from hill to dale—rests on the soft foliage of sloping woods, and pursues the serpentine of pellucid rivers;—beholds fields of burnished corn waving like a golden sea, to the tremulous breeze; and orchards loaden with such fruit, as makes the story of the Hesperides scarcely seem a fable.

This little sketch (literal, not poetical) is for the information of those of my friends in Scotland, who have not yet crossed the Tweed; and to suggest to them when they do, not to return perswaded of having seen the landscapes of England, unless they have travelled through Dorsetshire, Somerset, and DEVON.

It has been told to me, that this village, and Doctor Goldsmith's will be contrasted—I earnestly deprecate so fatal a comparison! Goldsmith's is the poem of a Politician, and soars with a strong wing!—mine is a butterfly fluttering over the field, and here and there reposing on a cowslip, or a daisey. *That* was defended from criticism by its magnitude; may *this* find safety in its littleness!

H. COWLEY.

To those who may think the measure in which the poem is written, needs an excuse, the following is offered.

“ The *alternate verse* of ten syllables, has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre was not inconsiderable, to be the most perfect of all the measures which our language affords.” DOCTOR JOHNSON.

T H E

THE
SCOTTISH VILLAGE;
OR,
PITCAIRNE GREEN.

WHY weeps the Genius of the arid waste,
Bending thus penive from her fulgent sky?
Can beings pure like thee of sorrow taste—
Those next to Angel ever breathe a sigh!

Sage, yet unlearn'd! 'tis now thy hour to know
That the dear privilege to feel—to sigh—
To bid the tear from sacred pity flow,
Is not alone for man, or earth-form'd eye.
Where the pre-eminence that Angels boast,
If coldly conscious, in eternal rest

B

They

They form a bright, insenfate, vap'ry host
By Heav'n's most precious gift to FEEL unblest?
The keenest feelings of the human mind
Exist more keenly in the angelic frame,
More elevated, poignant, and refin'd—
As earth's more fordid than ethereal flame.

Wonder not therefore that an Angel's brows
Thus drooping, should no cheering lustre shed;
But give attention—so thy fate allows!
Whilst I record the woes for which it fled.
Behold this plain, stretch'd by Creation's hand,
When each chaotic element arous'd
Sprung forth elastic at the dread command—
Fled to its home, and there obedient hous'd.
Since that first instant of the young-born time,
Guiltless the moments of this plain have run;
Each closing year, and summer's happy prime,
In sweet simplicity its hours have spun.

The yellow broom that gilds its farthest bounds,
And verdant carpet softly spread between,
Mark, where light fairies nightly trip their rounds,
Happy to gambol secret and unseen.

Here calmest zephires waft their airy wings,
And birds of solitude flit musing by,
And sometimes too the bird that sweetly sings,
Chants forth its pleasures to the lucid sky;—

Whilst in the blushing chambers of the west,
A thousand tender dies their tints prepare,
Which rapidly th' horizon round invest,
Streaming prismatic glories thro' the air !

That ruffet mountain, on whose farthest side
The modest beams of morn first ever play,
Till from its top the ardent sun looks down,
And gilds the valley with a bolder ray—

Owns in its riven base a cavern dank,
Where oozing, filter'd drops of doubtful green,

Harden'd, suspended, hang like willows lank,
A sparkling, jewell'd, vegetative scene !

In that resplendent grove a hermit read
Mysterious nature's laws that never fserve,
His life, the virtues and religion led
To sanctify the space you now observe.

Here, rapt in SECOND SIGHT he frequent saw
The future scene appear, and fade away ;
His country groan beneath the feudal law,
Or glut with power, the tyrant of the day :
Its neighbour England with irruptive bands
Watching each turn, and shadings of its fate,
To bind with manacles its warlike hands,
And make it feodal to her haughtier state.

At length with pride he saw his Scotland give
Monarchs, to wear its rival's splendid crown ;
Blest in THE UNION, saw each kingdom live—
Bound in one Empire—tasting one Renown !

Sacred,

Sacred, to visions grand like these, was kept
The varied circle this horizon bounds,
And when with Seers long past, the Hermit slept,
Still shadowy visitants breath'd heav'nly sounds.

'Twas thus when feuds unfilial tore the land,
And horrid war her crimson flag unfurl'd,
And dread rebellion, with its sanguine hand,
Midst peaceful swains its sharpest mis'ries hurl'd—
'Twas thus this hallow'd spot misfortune spar'd,
Nor war nor mis'ry in its precincts dwelt,
No cry of woe its peaceful bound'ries scar'd,
No mother by her bleeding offspring knelt.
Did turbid clans e'er press this mossy heath,
Have rival Thanes here proudly clash'd the shield?
'Twas not with hostile thoughts, nor vows of death,
They came not here to conquer, but to yield.
Here hath the oath of mutual peace been bound,
Here melting Chiefs their melting foes embrace,

And all the sounds that martial joy breathes round,
Erst, have reach'd Heaven, from this selected place.
But rolling years have drawn their veil between,
Nay ages, born of ages, past away,
Since the soft calm which blest this modest green,
Knew the loud clamours of a martial day :
Repose and peace have hover'd near,
Whilst vice and shame their haunts at distance keep ;
Unknown alike to violence, and fear,
Here terrors shrink not, and no sorrows weep.

But now approacheth fast the hour of change ;
E'en whilst I speak, the scene I vaunt is past ;
Here shall no more the feath'ry fairies range—
The late nocturnal revel, was their last !
See, quick advance the num'rous motley croud,
Mechanics, Pedants, Traders pour along ;
Their joy breaks forth in carols rude and loud,
And beauty's presence animates the song.

The

The verdant face of this once happy plain,
The sharp-tooth'd mattock shall deform and tear,
That evil first, and then an endless train,
Follow the footsteps of yon graceful Fair !
They bid !

The future Town, submissive to their will,
Rises from Earth, and spreads its skirts around—
Oh ! that the marble, in its quarry still,
Unhewn, unform'd, had kept its rest profound !
With it, the social evils all rush in,
Th' opposing passions that distract mankind,
The blazon'd crime, the fly, well-cover'd sin,
Nor will one petty vice remain behind.
Slander, and avarice, and pen'ry scant,
The proud man's scorn, the rich man's sturdy mien,
Wide-squand'ring luxury, and pallid want,
All haste to form the varied, wretched scene.

And shall the mighty woes of hapless love
Be here unfelt ; the heart not here be torn ?

Oh

Oh no ! in all their violence they'll rove—
Swains shall betray, and maidens *feel* their scorn.
Already sure, the dismal sounds I hear,
The broken vow accus'd, the rending figh—
Ah see ! the love-lorn stretch'd upon her bier,
Rent from all joy, she only knew to die !
False friendship too, spreads out its close-wove net,
And stabs the trusting with a barbed spear ;
Its arrows, black ingratitude has set—
Yonder a robber skulks ; a murd'rer here !
Ah, canst thou wonder, Sage ! I mourn the hour ?
Thou'st heard the cause that swell'd my starting tear ;
Haste and reflect within thy secret bower—
Ponder the change, and be thy grief sincere !

Here paus'd the Genius ! Age bent low its head,
Its hoary tresses floating on the wind ;
Oh bright Intelligence ! then firmly said,
Permit a mortal to unveil his mind.

Sad

Sad is your prophecy, and oh too sure
Fate will its utmost latitude fill up;
Each promis'd ill 'tis fix'd we must endure,
And drink from sorrow's still replenish'd cup;—
But not unmix'd the bitter draught shall flow,
Not unallay'd the hov'ring mis'ries sting,
Felicities shall blunt the sense of woe,
And o'er it, joys their downy mantle fling.
If social evils overspread thy plain,
The social blessings too will haste along,
And on the spot where vice shall lead its train,
Illustrious virtues eagerly shall throng.

Yonder rude circuit, where th' obtrusive fern
In “fuller vegetation” chills the glance,
A few revolving halcyon months shall turn
To an all-cheering, lucid, gay expanse.

SCOTLAND'S GRAND STAPLE there shall glad the sight,
Courting the blanching beams of day's bright orb,
Who'll give enduring lustre to its white,
And ev'ry flight impurity absorb :
There from the loom the costly web be brought,
By Pallas taught in soft festoons to rise ;
Which late from Belgia, distant kingdoms sought,
But now 'tis Caledonia grants the prize !
There the rich damask spread its fruit and flowers,
For royal tables, and for halls of state :
There the transparent lawn display its powers,
To soften beauty, and new charms create.
Proud Manchester will here her fame divide,
Her varied works, her fashion, and her taste ;
This, bind in snowy vest Horatio's side,
That, flow in graceful folds from Chloe's waist.

The stripe so well dispos'd, the glowing bloom
Which overspreads the whole, shall here be seen :
Go MANCHESTER, and weep thy flighted loom—
Its arts are cherish'd now on PI'TCAIRNE GREEN !
For these, whilst Labour chants her jocund song,
Shall foreign prow's be pointed to our shores ;
Each rival port our ample harbours throng,
Pouring its tribute, for our native stores.
Thus blest, this village shall some unborn age
Behold a city, grac'd with many a dome ;
Of note in commerce, and of arts the stage,
Where taste industrious, ne'er shall want a home.
If here the craving miser heaps his gold,
And frowns upon the shiv'ring needy wretch ;
Here shall benevolence her charger hold,
And pity, wide her fost'ring arms outstretch.

Soft elegance shall bid around us rise
The spell all feel, but never can describe,

Scarce tangible by thought, the pen it flies,
Pride cannot catch it, nor importance bribe;—
Not sense, not loveliness, nor wealth, nor wit,
But form'd of all, the charming phantom rose,
Adorns each time and place with graces fit,
But in domestic hours supremely glows !

And who like Scotland's daughters so prepar'd
To spread the fascinating sweet around ?

When thro' the Sex, great Nature beauty shar'd,
Who knows not, here the richest gift was found ?

Thus, tho' disastrous love should find a grave,
Or mourn the violated vow of bliss,

Yet here shall faithful Love the maiden save,
And parents cheer her with the nuptial kiss.

The song of rapture shall the bridegroom pour,
As oft he wanders thro' the funny glades,

And

And brides shall bless the sacred binding hour;
Whisp'ring their transports in the secret shades;
For shades SHALL be, where now the thistle red
Spreads o'er the heath its slender prickly stalks;
And where the tangley furze conceals its bed,
There shall the grove divide its tepid * walks.
For Nature's self to Commerce ever yields,
Commerce, whose power each hemisphere adorns—
Which bids the dunny heath bloom forth in fields,
And in the Desert pours the Naiades' urns.
Yes, that blest power will here exert her force,
And wooing sterile nature to its arms,
Bid stranger riv'lets wind their silv'ry course,
And native moors conceal with foreign charms.

But happier still! LEARNING shall raise the pile
Design'd the fret of ages to withstand;

* If this word is objected to, it may be recollect'd, that though a grove in Africa would
be cool, in Scotland it must be warm.

Within,

THE SCOTTISH VILLAGE.

Within, the classic scholar form his stile,
And pour instruction thro' the list'ning land.

Ah ! from its walls some future sage may burst
To charm or awe the centuries to come ;
A THOMSON in its cells be haply nurs'd,
A BLAIR shed splendor o'er the chosen dome.

The Lawgiver from thence shall draw the seeds
Of growing honour, dignity, and fame,
Here shall ensure the future splendid meeds,
That crown his labours, and extend his name.

A MANSFIELD, ERSKINE, LOUGHBOROUGH shall rise,
The boast of genius in untasted times,
Spreading our glory round the distant skies,
And mark us ENVIED by more happy climes.

Philosophy's profound disciples too,
Shall in its ayles a new Lyceum find ;

Platonic

Platonic ethics, system plain, and true,
Shall there be honour'd in the tutor'd mind.

A HUME!—a second HUME from thence may shine,
In lustre like the first, but oh his heart
Shall humbly melt before Religion's shrine,
And prompt his talents to a better part!

A ROBERTSON shall bid the copious stream
Of long-collected knowledge fill his page;
Dark ages make with light reverted gleam,
And bright-stept freedom trace from stage to stage.

So a vast reservoir's compacted flood
To bless a famish'd people spends its wealth,
Pours out itself to renovate their blood—
By Heaven supplied with future stores of health.

A polish'd STUART too will then be known,
To scatter roses o'er the slander'd Fair;

To

To bind the cypress round the riven crown,

And steal our tears, for miseries so rare !

His name shall ever tender Beauty prize

First, in the climax of the literate few,

Who from the mold of time still bright arise,

And ev'ry rapid cent'ry keep in view.

And ah ! whilst future *Bayes* luxuriant spread,

Shall not the *Myrtle* in our gardens glow ?

Yes ; whilst the laurel crowns the manly head,

The blossoms for the fair shall gladlier blow.

A Scottish Seward shall demand the prize—

She from whose penfive and mellifluous throat,

Where e'er misfortune scowls her cheerless eyes,

Is pour'd the pitying, melancholy note !

Thus the sad Nightingale throughout the night

Her fond complaint rings thro' the leafy grove ;

And

And so endears the scene, we dread the light—

Detest the sprightlier note, and sorrow love.

For glowing BARBAULD shall another Isle
Be found, amidst some distant frozen waves,
Which deck'd in all the fervors of her stile,
Shall bloom like that *, she from oblivion saves.

Perchance that Isle, convulsive nature tore
Wrathful! from sad Messina's once-fam'd port,
When the proud marbles which adorn'd its shore,
Were dash'd on rocks, and made the billows' sport.
When the mad mother, and the swallow'd child,
The tott'ring palace, and the tower prone,
Gave at one view, ruin so vast and wild,
As chills the quicken'd flesh almost to stone.
Then! in that lab'ring moment of the earth,
Midst the Norwegian seas an island sprung—

* Corsica.

Let Barbauld celebrate the wond'rous birth,
And all its grandeur by her muse be sung !
She'll lift the veil of time, and shew us how,
The climate works upon the cind'ry * mafs ;—
What, the vast prospects of the unborn now
And all its figures, in her magic glafs.
She'll shew that land which when beneath the skies
Of soft Italia, bloom'd in scented flowers,
Painted its surface with the richest dyes,
And burst in hills, and gave its shade in bowers ;—
She'll shew it then, divest of ev'ry sweet
That once endear'd it to the eye of tafte ;
No flowers, no rills, the wand'ring eye shall meet—
No soft embroid'ry o'er the snowy waste.
But tho' not sweet, the scen'ry will be grand !
Not rills but torrents, will her muse display ;

* The island on its emerging, about three years since, was said to make this appearance, and afterwards to disgorge flames.

That

That roar when rigid winds become more bland—

Grow dumb and stiffen, in the wint'ry ray.

No gentle hill, but mountains vast she'll shew,

Whose cracking pines confess strong Boreas' arm,

Where wild volcanoes from their summits glow,

And give the plains beneath an awful charm.

Arcades and temples, perhaps her muse will sing,

But not of marble form'd, nor part for part—

O no !

Nature will here the noble sculpture bring

Wildly magnificent, not cramp'd by art.

Th' arrested cataract a dome will form,

And rapid torrents bound, in pillars rise,

Their capitals be sculptur'd from a storm—

Snatch'd, as 'tis rushing from the Zemblian skies ;

On these the polar sun will pour its beams,

Tinting the glacid scene with shifting hues,

Now strong, now fading into fainter gleams—
And then at once, a ruddy blaze infuse.
These are but outlines—an unskilful sketch ;
A powerful Barbauld must the shadings give—
No colder genius on its utmost stretch,
Can bid the frigid, cheerless landscape live.

Attention tired with fancied scenes like these,
Recoils, and wishes for familiar hours ;
Pants for the pillow'd chair, the robe of ease,
And gladly yields to common life, its powers.
What pen but BURNEY's then, can soothe the breast ?
Who draw from nature with a skill so true ?
In ev'ry varying mode it stands confess,
When brought by her before th' enquirer's view.
A power *peculiar*, all her portraits fill.
When lines are bold and strong, a vulgar pen

May take the sketch; it asks no mighty skill

Misers to paint, or mad, or wayward men.

But human nature in its faintest dye

Burney detects; drags it to open day—

Makes evident what slip'd the unmarking eye,

And bids it glare, with truth's pervading ray.

The huddled beings of the common mass,

Who to themselves appear of equal sort,

Must not in unawaken'd error pass—

And sure 'tis this, is keen-ey'd Burney's sort!

Touch'd by her spear, they sudden spring to fight,

But not new form'd—she shews them as they are;

She molds no character, but gives the light

Which makes them clear, as Herschel sees a star!

Yes, such as these, thy plain may one day boast:

Prize!—sweet INTELLIGENCE, oh prize the change!

Laurels

Laurels will then surround our letter'd coast,
And here, the muses from Parnassus range.
This vacant wild, till now expanse unblest!
Unknown, and useless in the general scale,
Slumb'ring its ages in ignoble rest,
Scorn'd, or unheeded in th' historic tale,
Shall hence assume a rank, confes a name—
Nor hid a barren disregarded spot,
But living in the breath of future fame,
Shall bless its happy, tho' its late-drawn lot.

Thus stopt the Sage;—the Genius paus'd awhile,
As tho' his honied words revolving o'er;
First rais'd her eye with a celestial smile,
Which seem'd to promise she would mourn no more,
Then in sweet tone—Oh man of snowy years!
'Tis truth inspires thee, and her force I own;

'Tis

"Tis she hath chid away the falling tears,
And bad my fading joys again be blown.

Yes! the GREAT GUARDIAN of the gen'ral weak
Ne'er gives a mis'ry, but he sends a cure;
As herbs, their antidotes will e'er reveal,
In the same fields which pois'nous herbs endure.

To thee I leave the bliss which just men know,
Felicities which pious acts attend—
O'er thy white tressès they shall ever flow,
And cheer the anxious moments of thy end!
Then darting upwards as the Sage ador'd,
Her golden pinions clave the liquid way,
A blushing radiance mark'd the path she foar'd,
Till lost amidst the blaze of azure day!

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